



NEEDLESSLY POINTED.

Sympathetic Friend. "WELL, MY DEAR, I'M SURE YOUR MOTHER WILL MISS YOU SADLY AFTER YOUR HAVING BEEN WITH HER SO LONG!"

FROM A PROFESSIONAL DIARY.

(Vide recent correspondence in the "Daily Mail.")

Monday.—Have promised to sing to-night at Lady Goodwork's *soirée musicale* in aid of the Decrepit Dustmen's Fund. Delighted to assist, of course—but shouldn't mind receiving a small *honorarium* for my services. Hint the same delicately to Lady G. Strange to say, she becomes quite indignant, and says that apparently I didn't understand that her concert is on behalf of a charity. She adds that to appear under such distinguished patronage will be a splendid advertisement for me. Hope so, I'm sure—but it won't help to pay my butcher's bill. But, as Lady G. remarks, it's for a charity, so I mustn't mind the absence of pay for once.

Tuesday.—While at breakfast, and about to open my letters, a visitor appears. Glance at card—Lord PLANTAGENET. Apologises

for hour of visit. Heard me sing at Lady GOODWORK's last night, perfectly enraptured. (*Ah, the advertisement was of use, after all!*) So charmed, in fact, that he has called thus early to secure my services, if possible, for Lady PLANTAGENET's "At Home" on the 27th. (*Hurray!*) Am I by any fortunate chance disengaged on that evening? Excellent; then he hopes he may count upon me? (*I assent, with suppressed excitement.*) By-the-way, he should have mentioned that a collection is to be made at the party in aid of the Home for Destitute Parrots But then, how about my fee? He explains that, of course, none of the artistes will expect to be paid, since the party is intended to assist a deserving charity . . . and he's gone, before I can protest! I open my letters—good Heavens! Am requested to sing by various titled ladies at concerts in aid of Lifeboats, Cheap Footwarmers for Cabmen, the Society for Befriending In-

brates, the Fashionable Collar Reform League, the Knifegrinders' Union, and a dozen more. In each case the writer seems conscious of conferring an enormous honour. In no case is there any mention of payment! Sit down and write refusals all round.

Wednesday.—More letters of the same kind. Also more callers. Refuse the first, but am compelled by the latter to promise help at two concerts, one *matinée*, and five Hospita Bazaars.

Thursday.—Indignant letters from all the people whom I refused. Why, they ask, should I sing for Lady GOODWORK, and not for them? Hint, in plain terms, that they will make professional success impossible for me unless I sing gratuitously at all their "charity" entertainments. Nothing for it but to yield. Net result—twenty-five engagements. Receipts—nil; not even enough to pay my cab fares.

Friday.—Rise in revolt. (1) Write angry letter to the *Daily Mail*. (2) Send round a circular to all my "patronesses," stating that it is proposed to hold a bazaar in aid of musicians reduced to beggary by charity-mongers, and asking them to assist by subscriptions, or by taking a stall.

Saturday.—All the "patronesses" refuse!

The Price of Peril.

Clerk (to Applicant at the Leviathan Assurance Company). You wish to be assured against accidents, Sir? May I ask your profession?

Applicant. I am a football referee.

C. (politely). First door on the right for the Death Department.

DRINK FOR KNICKERBOCKER'D LADY-CYCLISTS (to be asked for, en route, at any wayside Inn).—"Har-Burton Ale."

SUGGESTED NAME FOR A PHRENOLOGICAL MUSEUM.—The Tête Gallery.



"A RAT! A RAT!"

Lord Chief Justice Hamlet and the Polonius behind the curtain.

[The Lord Chief Justice will introduce his Bill dealing with Secret Commissions on Thursday next.]

**MIKE THE CELLARMAN.**

*Hicks-Bach (as the above-named character, samples "a source of income tapped by the Revenue," as he sings). "WINE! WINE!
'GENEROUS' WINE!"*

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

(Communicated by Astral Wireless Telegraphy.)

SIR,—As I did witness the destruction of Paul's in the Great Fire, and the building of it anew by Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN the King's Surveyor, I have observed with concern that there hath been much controversie of late touching sundry "decorations" therein. Although I did go at times to Paul's, and ranged about to many churches, I confess that I did observe the handsome women rather than the architecture or the ornaments of the structure. Moreover I did judge better the colours of fine clothes than the paynting of walls.

Being therefore but little versed in such matters, I have had much talk with my friend, Mr. EVELYN, a most excellent person, and so much above others in all manner of learning, and finally we did resolve to view Paul's. Touching this controversie it had been wise to discourse with Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN himself, but he still a lover of astronomick discoveries hath set out on a distant journey to Saturn, and we know not whether any communication should be sent.

Up, as I was wont to repeat with needless iteration (since all men begin the day by rising) in my private diary, since discovered and transcribed by sundry prying fooles With Mr. EVELYN to Paul's betimes. Lord how black the great portico is now! It was once as white as my wife's hands, of which the wretch was mighty proud. We entered the church, of course unperceived, and advanced towards the quire. I would I had been Sunday, for then I might have seen some fine women, but on this day I could not spy one, and did observe only men in sombre and graceless attire.

However I had scant time to gaze about me, for Mr. EVELYN stopped and directed my attention to the quire. In truth it was a mighty fine sight, and more brilliant than any playhouse I ever did see. But as I felt to praising it, Mr. EVELYN checked me gravely, and told me this was not a playhouse but a church. Whereupon I perceiving my error, did admit that he was right, for he is a most excellent person. Nevertheless brave colours are always pleasing to me. At this moment I observed a pretty wench entering the church, and fell to gazing at her as we moved onward.

Again Mr. EVELYN stopped, and this time spake wrathfully of certain payntings under the great dome. Even I, neglecting the comely young woman, did gaze aloft untill my head ached, and my eyes yet more. I do love brave colours, but these are overdone. They are red and green and gold. I said to Mr. EVELYN that these payntings would have adorned in a very handsome manner the place for the musick at Fox Hall, which was desired to be mighty gay and divertising, and also, knowing his love for gardens, that the green was brighter than grass in spring-time. He told me that my comments on these, as on the colours in the quire, were the just condemnation of such adornment, if it could be so called by any, but that he could perceive even greater faults, inasmuch as the paynter had inserted new pannels where Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN had placed none, and also an inscription in black letters of a vast size. I durst not say one word in defence of an ignorant paynter who did venture to amend the architecture of the King's Surveyor.

Mr. EVELYN uttered more reproaches, but



OVERHEARD ON THE STEPS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY STORES.

Commissionaire. "UNIFORMS? TOP FLOOR, SIR!"

I heard not all, inasmuch as I was endeavouring to attract the pretty wench by smiling at her. Lord, what a fool I was! I had forgot that I am now invisible. So after a time I did hearken again to the words of Mr. EVELYN, who is a very fine gentleman, and he was saying that Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN did have much trouble of mind and loss of money through the Deane and others in his day, which filled me with indignation. I was the more wroth when he went on to reproach the present generation of citizens, who care even less for stately buildings. In truth I did even forget the handsome young woman, and quitted the church as wrathfully as Mr. EVELYN himself. At the moment of our going forth he turned once more towards the interior, and exclaimed,

"As I wrote two hundred years ago, this is a piece of architecture without reproach. Would that its guardians were the same!"

I am, Sir, your most obliged and obedient servant,
S. PERYS.

L'Enfant Terrible!

Little Dot. Papa, why do you call me "Pussykins"?

Her Father. Because you are my own sweet little girl.

Little Dot. Oh, papa, is that the reason Lieutenant DANVERS calls sister HELEN "Pussykins"? Is she his own sweet little girl?

[Sister HELEN has a subsequent interview with LITTLE DOT, in which the proceedings are of a painful nature, to the latter.



PROVERBS REVISED.

"NEVER LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE HEELS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A Modern Mercenary (SMITH, ELDER) is a very good story, and would have been better still if it weren't for the Great Powers. Not content with a tale of private adventure of the good old-fashioned swash-buckling style, K. and H. PRITCHARD must needs drag in Germany, Russia, and eke Great Britain. Lord SALISBURY has tried his hand in the effort to control the Concert of the Powers. According to ELLIS ASHMEAD BARTLETT, Knight (of Sheffield), he did not do so well as at least one other in the same position might. Our joint authors are not more successful. Their idea of the byways of Imperial politics is crude, and their method of presenting it not clear. My Baronite, bewildered with the deep designs of Germany on "the independent State of Maasau," runs up against Russia, and is forthwith floored by the manoeuvres of Great Britain. These little personal excitements apart—and it would have been so easy to have spared them—it is a lively, picturesque story. It is entitled *A Modern Mercenary* because gold will not purchase the hero.

Mr. E. W. HORNUNG's hero in *The Amateur Cracksmen* (METHUEN & Co.) is a certain A. J. Raffles, man about town, slow bowler of surpassing merit, fascinating companion and prince of criminals. Throughout the eight stories of which the book is composed, and in all of which A. J. Raffles plays the leading part, we live in an atmosphere as unmoral as any atmosphere can possibly be. Nothing stops Raffles. He scales walls, picks locks, abstracts jewels, baffles not merely the detectives but also the professional gentlemen with whom burglary is a trade, and holds us captivated by his rollicking high spirits, his unflinching originality

of resource, and his convincing aptitude for every undertaking. Not even when he decides on a murder do our sympathies desert him, for the intended victim is one of the meanest and wickedest of mankind, not so deeply steeped in villainy, perhaps, as R. L. STEVENSON's President of the Suicide Club, but a sufficiently abandoned scoundrel for all that. The careless reader who rises from the absorbing perusal of this book is as likely as not to call for his dark lantern, his skeleton keys and his jemmy, and to sally forth on an errand of crime, fully convinced, as he must have been by Mr. HORNUNG's art, that the protecting genius of *Raffles* will bring him unscathed and much wealthier through his adventures. *Raffles* has a foil, the supposed narrator of the stories, one Bunny, who fulfils his purpose in life by being as fatuous as such foils (e.g. *Sherlock Holmes's Watson*) usually are. In the end, of course, Bunny suffers while A. J. Raffles escapes. Anyway, well done Mr. E. W. HORNUNG, says the Assistant Baronite.

The name of WARD, celebrated in fiction through the productions of Mrs. HUMPHRY, will derive fresh lustre from the production of Mrs. WILFRID. Indeed, *One Poor Scruple* (LONGMANS) seems, to this Baronite, far and away better work than anything which the authoress of *Robert Elsmere* has given to the world. There is a curious—but, as a preliminary note shows, an accidental—likeness between its story and the story of *Helbeck of Bannisdale*. But in tone and treatment the two books are quite unlike. Mrs. WILFRID's is to Mrs. HUMPHRY's, a fine Lafite to small beer. The authoress of *One Poor Scruple* knows not only how to write, but what she is writing about. Any one who, on your Baronite's advice, makes acquaintance with *One Poor Scruple*, will at the same time make acquaintance with a singularly cultivated and

AN EASY WAY.

["It is when you contest the charms of HELEN of Troy that the fun begins."—"A. B. W." in *Daily Chronicle*.]

I TREAT of literature and art,
I love to give the public shocks,
Make earnest efforts to be smart,
Move heaven and earth for paradox.

Others with base and servile mind
The beaten path of taste pursue,
Nature and wit in SHAKESPEARE find,
And own traditions to be true.

Since then the vulgar recognise
The genius of their glorious WILL,
If I great SHAKESPEARE can despise,
'Tis clear that I am greater still.

Of HANDEL's music let them prate,
And MILTON's verse and TITIAN's hues,
Or HELEN's beauty celebrate—
To swell their chorus I refuse.

But in the public's lengthy ear
I echo back its praise with blame;
It sounds original to sneer—
The effort's just about the same.

THE WEATHER.

(By our Slightly Confused Prophet.)

DURING the next week or two changeable times may be expected. A depression coming from Norway seems inclined to go to Naples, unless it turns off short in France, and harks back to Russia. An anti-cyclone is evidently *en route* for Brindisi, *via* Rouen, Amsterdam, and Margate. A north-easterly wind appears to be hurrying over the north-west and the Channel, but may extend to the Bay and Malta. Snow may fall in patches, and there is plenty of hail ready. American novelties of an atmospheric character seem to be in active rehearsal in New York prepared for export to Europe. Earthquakes are indicated, and probably squalls from Greenland. The more settled weather that seemed—with a difference—to promise comfort at Easter is still the hope of Whitsuntide. On the whole, if you really want to know how affairs aërial will go during the next twenty-four hours, take out your fate-deciding halfpenny, and toss it!

THE NEW POETRY.

(See "Good Words" for April, on
Rudyard Kipling.)

AWAY with the old poetical "plant"
That our ancestors hugged and cherished!
'Tis time that the bygone style of chant
With its perpetrators perished.

Away with the rhymes that represent
Loves, seasons, the Bard's internals
(This last to a much too free extent,
A la Lancet and such-like journals.)

For the times have changed and the Muse's
tone,
Since the advent of RUDYARD KIPLING;
The ancient restraints are overthrown
That the poet's wit were crippling.

He can now sing in technical terms of things
Like pistons and valves and boilers,
Not Spring, but of locomotive springs,
In the slang of the smoke-grimed toilers.

He can tune his lyre to the *Song o' the Ship*
(Not LONGFELLOW'S *Ship*, but a *liner*),
In stokehold and gun-room depict a trip
With the air of a boat-designer.

No matter what handicraft or trade,
The constructor of odes will know it;
In electrical times not born but made
Is the new Polytechnic Poet!

A Little Knowledge!

Miss Tomboy. Mamma, I think those
French women were beastly rude.

Mother. You mustn't speak like that of
those ladies, it's very wrong. And how
often have I told you not to say "beastly"?

Miss Tomboy. Well, they were rude. They
called me a little cabbage (*mon petit chou*).
The next time they do that I shall call them
old French beans.

THE *Daily Telegraph* informed us that "A
constable in the Leeds force has had a pic-
ture accepted by the Royal Academy for the
Exhibition." Good. He is, let us hope,
only following in the footsteps of the CON-
STABLE, the Great CONSTABLE, R.A., and
before long we shall have the satisfaction of
seeing him "hung."

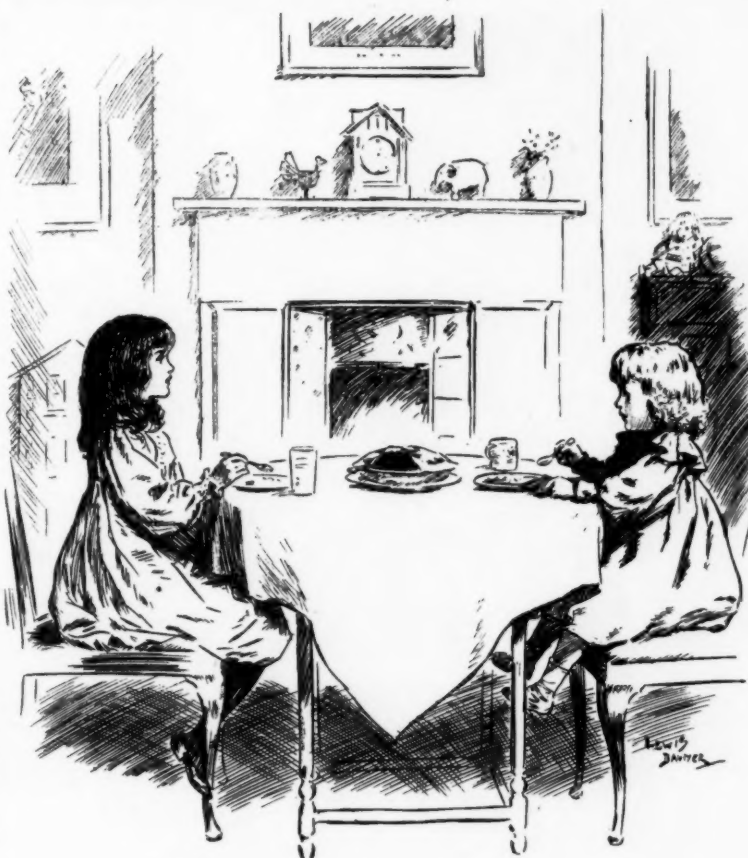
winning writer whose first book places her in the first rank of
contemporary novelists.

The Baron begs to add a note of his own to the above. As
Cecilia, the second heroine in this story, suicides herself with a
dose of chloroform, would not a more complete title for the novel
have been *One Poor Scruple and One Big Dram*? B. DE B.-W.

OUR "ADORED LYDIA."

It may contribute to the satisfactory results of a certain
"benefit performance" to mention here that it ought to be a
special object of attraction to all middle-aged playgoers for the
sake of the *beneficiaire*, who, with a charm and grace peculiarly
her own, delighted not a few of us when she was a pretty child,
lost among seven dwarfs (or bears, was it?) in an extravaganza
at the Haymarket Theatre, *tempore Buckstonio*, afterwards drawing
crowded houses to see her, still a growing girl, playing with
Magic Toys at the St. James's Theatre, and subsequently as a
grown woman, apparently *toujours dans sa première jeunesse*,
singing, acting, and dancing in the liveliest and most taking
style, in company with LIONEL BROUGH, WILLIE EDGOUIN, and
other amusing histrions, and known to all theatre-goers as LYDIA
THOMPSON. At the Lyceum Theatre, on the second of May,
LYDIA will, no doubt, be seconded by many of her former com-
panions on the stage, and will receive "one bumper at parting"
to her health and happiness from troops of "friends in front."

SHERIDAN's sentimental *Julia* says to lively *Lydia*, "Come, come,
LYDIA, hope for the best," and when our LYDIA faces the crowded
house, then may she say with her namesake aforesaid, "What a



A DISSERTATION ON COOKERY.

"OH, HERE'S A NASTY LITTLE BLACK THING IN MY APPLE PIE!"

"YOU ARE A LITTLE SILLY, BABY. THAT'S A CLOVE, AND COOK PUTS IT IN ON PURPOSE."

"WHAT FOR?" "WHAT FOR! WHY—ER—TO—ER—TO KEEP THE MOTHS OUT, OF COURSE!"

scene am I now to go through!" Of course, the clever actress
will go through it in first-rate style, and in anticipation, we wish
her every success.

ADVICE GRATIS.—The Bishop of WAKEFIELD has denounced
Sunday papers as giving unnecessary Sunday work. Logically
His Lordship should object to Monday papers, which are prepared
on the Sunday, whereas the Sunday paper only involves late hours
on Saturday night. But how would the Bishop relish his Monday's
breakfast without his *Times*? The Vicar of the place, of which
His Lordship is Bishop, might, in his day, have shaken his pow-
dered wig at the decadence of (so-called, but wrongly) Sabba-
tarianism. Nowadays, news is a necessity of our life, and the farther
away from the centre, the greater the necessity. If Sunday is to
be observed as a day of entire rest for everybody from everything
—but we leave the conclusion to the Bishop. There are many
poor people who go to church, and yet earn their daily bread, on
the Sunday. And then, is it not true that "*Laborare est orare*?"

CONSIDERATIONS FOR CANDIDATES.—Isn't a "mediocrity" the
most appropriate representative of all majorities, could the people
be fairly polled? Does not the majority in any assembly, as in
any nation, consist of mediocrities? And, after all, what is
"mediocrity"? It is "betwixt and between." Neither one thing
nor t'other. It is the middle state of existence on earth. It is a
"reflecting medium;" it reflects colours from all sides and blends
them. "Reflecting" it is cautious and uninitiating; mediocrity
strikes out no new line, but is quiescent and safe. In *medicri-
tutissimus* is the Motto of Mediocrity.



Examiner. "NOW, CAN ANY OF YOU BOYS TELL ME WHAT A MAN WHO KILLS HIS FATHER IS CALLED? WELL, TOMMY JONES!"
Bright Youth. "A PARASITE, SIR!"

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

(Muscular Women Series.)

[With acknowledgments, as before, to Dr. ARABELLA KENEALY.]

II.—THE YELLOW SHIN-PADS.

(After William Morris's "The Gilliflower of Gold.")

A PAIR of leggings, largest size,
I wore to-day with bloomer guise,
And won the local Hockey Prize.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

Your hands had tied them on for me,
Fair lord, and righteous referee,
Above my crushers, daintily.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

However hard Miss JONES might hit,
Though on my legs the missile lit,
I felt it not one little bit.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

And when my stick in fragments flew,
Bringing to earth their only Blue,
I smiled aloud and looked at you.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

But ere her ribs had ceased to shake
I took another stick and brake
Her livid thumb for my love's sake.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

My golden hair was getting loose,
Yet fell I out on that excuse?
Not so; I dribbled like the deuce.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

And when the half-fought fight was stayed,
I scorned the lemon's feeble aid
And quaffed a gin-and-gingerade.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

Then like a fiery steed in stall
I scarce could wait the whistle's call,
But chafed to be upon the ball.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

Miss BROWN (of Bucks) against me drew;
She wore a shirt of purple hue;
Our score was one, and theirs was two.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

Red-cheeked I charged this bounding half,
And as I hooked her by the calf
I heard your low elusive laugh.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

I reached the goal; in ruthless wise
I caught the warder 'twixt the eyes,
And so achieved to equalise.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

Much heated, I began to think
That I should prematurely sink
For need of just another drink.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

And then I thought of your dear knee
Bent as you bound my pads for me
Above my crushers, daintily.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

Whew! how the meeting sticks went whack!
Yea, o'er the field I heard the crack
Of stitches giving down the back.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

One minute still! My teeth were set;
I and the stout custodian met;
The ball (and she) went through the net!

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

And as with face profusely hot
(*Les belles! les belles!*) I faltered not,
But reached and took the Challenge-pot,

(*Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!*)

I saw again your supple knee
Bent as you bound my pads for me,
My yellow shin-pads, daintily.

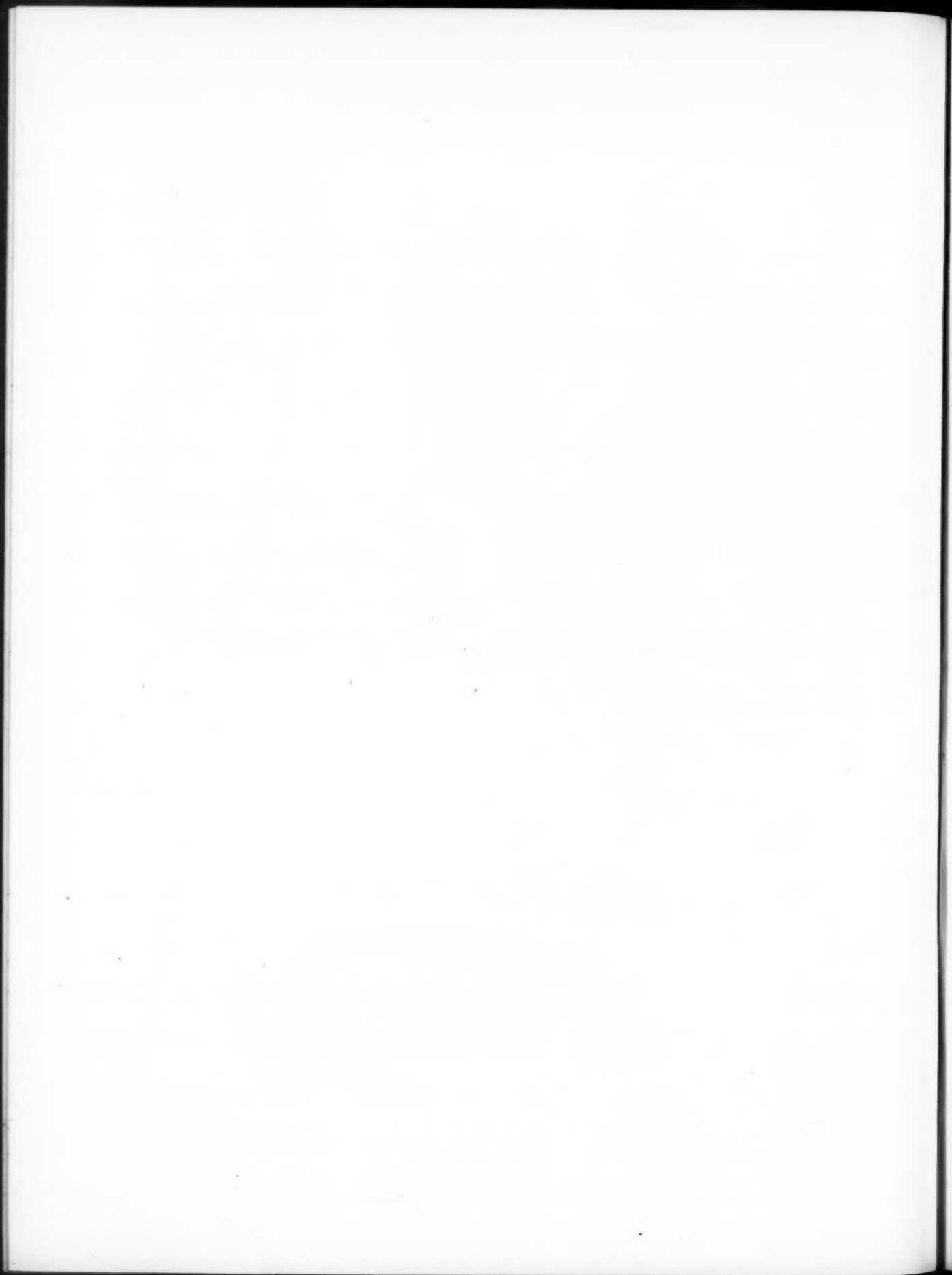
Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

TO END IN SMOKE? — St. Paul's must
be protected. Let 'em all come and shout.
Shall the smoking of cigarettes be permitted
under its hallowed dome, or in any part of
the venerable pile, as most assuredly it will
be, if, by the wish of the Dean and Chapter,
the Cathedral be fitted up throughout with
"Richmond Gems?"



THE FREE-LANCE!

SIR H. C. ARDILL-BENN-RE-N (to himself), "HEAVEN HELP US! HERE'S OUR CHAMPION BACK AGAIN!"





Niece (discussing bicycle attire). "ARE YOU AS MUCH AGAINST 'BLOOMERS' AS EVER, UNCLE?"
General McCurry. "CERTAINLY, MY DEAR. IT MUST BE SKIRTS OR NOTHING. THAT IS I MEAN—ER—"
Mrs. McCurry. "GENERAL!!!"

THE ART OF LYING;

OR, THE MENDACIOUS MANICURIST.

ARTHUR STRONG-ON-THE-WING PINERO is to be congratulated on his *Gay Lord Quex*, and Mr. JOHN HARE on his production of the piece; also on his inducing Messrs. CHUD-LEIGH and BOUCICAULT to allow Miss IRENE VANBRUGH to appear at the Globe as the mendacious heroine. The play ought to have been called *Sapphira*; or, *Unlimited Lie-ability*. We have had Foote's *The Liar*, and we have had JONES'S *The Liars*; but the heroine of this piece by PINERO puts all others quite out of court as mere feeble amateurs in the art of mendacity. She has "a heart" and lips "for falsehood framed," and, in the end, lying to the last, she marries a perfect specimen of "the bounder," a pretentious Professional Palmist," capably played by Mr. FRANK GILLMORE.

Mr. JOHN HARE, as the self-reformed, middle-aged rake, gives us a delightful impersonation; if there be a fault, it is in his "make-up," in which there is not a trace on his features of the life he is supposed to have led for at least the last twenty-seven years. My *Lord Quex* has been "gay," at

least so Mr. PINERO tells us; but Mr. JOHN HARE'S Nobleman is so jolly, hale, and hearty, that it is impossible to detect the slightest sign of the *roué* about him.

Mr. GILBERT HARE, as *Sir Chichester Frayne*, the friend, ally, and boon companion of *Lord Quex*, is another old reprobate on whose constitution, evidently inferior to that of his noble friend, his former gay life and, subsequently, the climate of West Africa, have told considerably. These combined influences have so affected his personal manner and appearance that it is sometimes difficult, when he is facing the audience, to believe that he is not *Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT*, and when he turns away from the footlights to walk up the stage, more than one could swear they were beholding a back view of *SIR HENRY IRVING*. Mr. GILBERT HARE'S double impersonation is a veritable triumph.

Miss FANNY COLEMAN'S good old-world, unworldly *Countess of Owbridge* is a delightful sketch; and Miss MABEL TERRY-LEWIS does her best with the colourless and totally uninteresting semi-heroine.

Mr. CHARLES CHERRY gets all that can be got out of the character of the impulsive, amorous, "touch-and-go" *Captain Bastling*, who behaves just as the *gay Lord Quex*,

according to his lordship's own showing, would have behaved at *Captain Bastling's* age (about twenty-five?), had he been placed in a similar situation and tempted by such a deceitful, artful, unprincipled little wretch as is *Sapphira Fullgarney*, as intended to be played, and as the character is inimitably played, by Miss IRENE VANBRUGH. Only let her beware of overdoing the action when she rings the bell for assistance in the third act; it is the situation on which the entire play depends. She is perilously near getting a laugh by her exaggerated "business" when every one should be holding their breath, being on the tenterhooks of excitement as to the result.

The Bishop of Wide-a-Wake-field, without seeing the play, has denounced it as immoral. Well, it teaches no moral, that is true. Why should it? We are left to hope that a Reformed Rake will make the best of husbands; and that, by marrying a "bounder" who is a Professional Palmist, the Female Liar and her husband are laying up for themselves a wretched existence in the not very distant future. The Elderly Rake, with a good constitution and a bad past, has the novelty of a virtuous married life before him, while the young *roué*, the Captain, who, fortunately for him, is discarded by the vapid *Muriel*, can look forward to a life as dissipated as that of *Lord Quex*, with the chance of reforming and settling down comfortably when he reaches that nobleman's age. It is all mundane; there are no lofty aims, no attempt at morality until immorality is played out. No one feels tempted to go and do likewise. The liar, seriously taken, is a repulsive character, *cela va sans dire*; but "the play's the thing," and the third act, powerfully played as it is, must draw all London. One thing only is certain, that *The Gay Lord Quex* has hit the public and has a new lease of a long life before him at the Globe. JOHN HARE as *Lord Quex*, and Miss IRENE VANBRUGH as *Sapphira* (unlimited) is his profit!

A. H. ON THE C. AND S.

HONOURED SIR,—My revered Uncle, DARRY JONES, has written to me from Monte Carlo, suggesting that I should take his place on your esteemed journal, the while he is enjoying the palm trees and the play. His text is the City and Suburban, beloved of every Licensed Victualler who ever obtained a Magistrate's License.

Have you, Sir, ever noted the difference between "the City and Sub." and the Derby? I opine not. Let me then draw the definition. The C. and S. is a case of No Favourites, and the D. is a matter of One Favourite. Every one of our Licensed Victuallers has a "dead certainty" (generally dead) which he collected from the Brewer's drayman for the City and Sub. Every one of our Licensed Victuallers' Ladies has an excellent surprise for the Derby, which she obtained from the handsome young traveller in Scots whiskey.

And now, Sir, to try and do justice to Uncle DARRY and myself. I have not my gifted Uncle's method of minstrelsy, but I venture to chortle—

Look out for the *Verdant Galoot*,
Of the *Beautiful One* pray beware,
His Lordship the course will p'rape suit,
And the *Lud* be a bit of a snare.
But I'm told it's a ten to one chance
That to beat the *Freshport* in the dance
Will be *Charity* bottled in France,
And of *Scottish Boy* have a great care.

Such, Sir, are my fancies. Yours,
ASCOTT HEATH.



ALL-MY-OPTICAL.

First Friend. "THAT'S RATHER A SMART GIRL." (Puts on pince-nez.) "AWF'LY PRETTY, TOO, BY JOVE!" Second Friend. "IS SHE?" (Drops eye-glass.) "SO SHE IS!"

AUTOMOBILE RED.

[The latest Parisian colour is "*rouge automobile*," which the boulevardiers describe as *très-smart* or "*teuf-teuf*" (a word derived from the sound of the *petrolette*).]

"*La donna è mobile*"—so says
The poet—may be that is why
The nuance of the moment engrosses
In Paris the feminine eye,
The up-to-date feminine eye.

Rouge automobile is in fashion;
But tell us, pray, how 'tis applied?
For the motor with red you might splash on,
Or else the fair rider inside,
The daring "sportswoman" inside.

Perhaps the young ladies in private
A hare's-foot and mirror will clutch,
If their colour has gone, to revive it
With one little finishing touch—
With the usual finishing touch!

It is very "*teuf-teuf*," say the knowing,
To paint the town red in this way;

So with red flags ahead let's be showing
The mode to go moting to-day—
There's a Red Revolution to-day!

FROM A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

"SECOND instalment of my nephews' 'Encyclopæjaer' just arrived. Must paste it into my diary with the rest. So glad I am acquitted of abstracting odd sausage. So kind of Max."

DEAR UNCLE CHARLEY,—Hears part 2 of Encyclopæjaer STINKER did it I dont think much of it do you Thanks orly for the sossidges wen you send the next dont send sossidges but the money insted you see I got one throne in over the lb witch I dessay they dont give you praps you dont even ask for it of coarse Ime not hinting that you do get the one extra and keep it yorself I know you dont doo that becoss you dont like sossidges If you ever have enny postage stamps witch you dont want you mite send

them to us there allways usefool to bye things with. Yours MAX.

P.s.—I am beginings to read DICKERAY and THACKENS Ive herd so mutch about them I spose there rather good.

"*Criket*.—This is a good gaim by Gum! Criket is plade with a Bat (mines a cane spliced handle) and Stumse 3 at both ends & 1 Ball maid of red lether & stished outside You mesher 22 feet between the Wigkets & thats the Pitch theres 11 aside & we humbug TURNER major orly & tell him his merstarch is jest like a criket mash about 11 aside & he gets so orly waksey Hes too cocky by ½ that chap Well Crikets ripping thers no gaim like it only Football & thats not a bit like it Thers only one thing tho about Criket dont you play till your one of the big fellers or else youle get orl the fagging & feedling to doo & joly few inniges big fellers are orful beese in that way so wate till your a big feller & then you can be one too* Prints RANGOONSINGEIT can play by Gum cant he he maid 180 not out against Surey wunce GRACE is an orful good man & so4 BROWN major he bold 7 of Ribston Pipping school 1st 11 last half for fourty four runs thats pretty good is sent it.

* Dont bleve the ret young STINKER rites jest becoss hes not a big feller himself hes orly pregejewidist Ime not quite one of the big fellers but Ime bis ger than the littuler fellers soss STINKER but Ime not so big as the biggest big fellers tho I smok cigrets on Sundays.

REJECTED PROPOSALS.

(See the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Budget Speech.)

THE Chancellor's mercies are many,
Sing hey for Sir MICHAEL, the Good!
For he hasn't increased by a penny
The tax on our beer and our food.
And he will not tax soap—pray forgive me
the joke—
For fear that KEIR HARDIE should go and
get broke.

Then the wheels that we most of us ride on,
Sir MICHAEL their scorching admires.
He won't tax the men who put side on,
When perched on a couple of tyres.
When they press him to tax them excusal
he begs,
"I can't, for they're dear to A. J. with the
legs."

The car that a maiden is horsed to
Untaxed is—I speak of the pram.
Our babies we shall not see forced to
Embark in a 'bur or a tram.
And the grinder may still go and propagate
fleas,
And still grind his organ and grin at his
case.

From the kingdom of cats he gets nix-pence,
Cats still are as taxless as bikes.
The poor man for seven and sixpence
Can still keep a dog if he likes.
For the licence on dogs is sufficiently strong,
And we're plagued quite enough by the
muzzle-man, LONG.

No Bart. shall be taxed for his Sir-ship,
He shall get it for nothing, as now!
He may set up the red hand for worship,
Sir MICHAEL won't have his ten thou.
But the Bart. new-created can still pay his
stake;
What Sir MICHAEL refuses his party will take.

Oh, the Chancellor's mercies are many,
Sing hey for Sir MICHAEL, the Good,
For he hasn't increased by a penny
The price of our beer and our food.
But I wish he'd not added, by way of a joke,
A tax on our wine and retained it on smoke

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 10.—Coming back to Westminster refreshed by ten days' holiday. CANNY CALDWELL has happy thought. Nothing new for Scotch-

permitting. ST. JOHN BRODRICK, to whom this patriotic gift was proffered, strangely hesitated.

"Fact is, TOBY," he said, when I privately expressed astonishment at his imperturbability, "I have no personal experience of the ancient Greeks; but I distrust Scotchmen when they bring gifts."



SO CONSIDERATE.

Constable William. "Hullo, 'Icks-B., my boy, I shouldn't 'a' thought as you 'd 'a' come to this!" "Icks-B.-ch. "Well, yer see, I couldn't a-bear to think o' the responsibility o' them pore coves as 'll come into the property in 1902."

man crossing Border to consider what he shall appropriate. Where CALDWELL vindicates his supremacy is in originality of his idea. Nothing less than that he shall be appointed Warden of Buckingham Palace.

Notion flashed upon him just now quite casually. More he thinks of it better he likes it. Sees a way not only of popularising the institution, but of making it pay. Proposes on three days a week to open Palace to public inspection; payment 6d. per head; dungeons, 3d. extra. So confident of financial success that will be quite content to let the emoluments of his dignified office rest upon commission.

"Say a penny per caput," he observes, throwing out the suggestion with airy manner towards the irresponsible First Commissioner of Works.

Of course there will be residence, coal, and lights. As for board, the CANNY ONE is disposed to leave that to the generosity of the nation.

AKERS-DOUGLAS smiles rather feebly; doesn't jump at proposal. Fact is, Ministers rather overwhelmed to-night with disinterested offers. Here's DENNY, rated as Colonel because he builds ships, as his father did before him. Rising to full height, he offers to consolidate British Empire in East Africa by fitting out at private cost a new line of steamers sailing once a week for Mombasa via Bohemia, weather and tide

Inspired by general impulse to be generous, and not disposed to let Scotland fill the bill, CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES comes on with new scheme for insuring life and limb in Rotten Row. The CAP'EN, whose glittering eye nothing escapes, has observed that when a horse bolts in the Row it has a pretty straight run for its money. Why not have the Row made on the plan of a circus? Horse bolts; makes off due East or West as it thinks. "Now I've got you," it says to itself; pegs away at full speed; begins to find the road uncommonly long; fancies it passed Prince's Gate before. "Hallo! here it is again. Bless me," says the horse to itself, "there must be a mistake somewhere."

Pulls up quietly to think the matter over, and danger is past.

Very simple. Wonder no one thought of it before. Not everybody has had the nautical experience of the CAP'EN or his opportunities of nourishing great thoughts, as in the still night, on the boundless ocean, beneath the luminous stars, he kept the lonely watch.

Business done.—In Committee on Civil Service Estimates. Private Members full of suggestions.

Tuesday.—What a day Mr. GEDGE has had, to be sure! SARK says it reminds him of one of the sportive occasions in the parish of Little Dunkel'.

O what a parish, what a terrible parish,
O what a parish is Little Dunkel'!
They bae hangt the minister, drowned the
precentor,
Dung down the steeple, and drucken the bell!

Of course Mr. GEDGE hasn't done any of these unseemly things; but he has been equally successful in upsetting everything, and setting everybody by the ears. Began by taking the wind out of the sails of ordered debate on Church Discipline Bill to come on next month. He brought unwonted tears to the eyes of JOHN G. TALBOT; he stirred HUGH CECIL to profoundest depths; he seared the soul of BROTHER CRANBORNE; he brought out the Rev. Sir EDWARD CLARKE in full ecclesiastical robes; he created deep rupture in the CECIL family; he got PRINCE ARTHUR in an awful hole; and he upset the arrangements at two hundred dinner-tables.

In ordinary times House is accustomed to take it out of Mr. GEDGE. It greets his interposition in debate with impatient cries; it jeers at his reflections on things in general; will have none of the serene air of respectability in which he would steep debate. The whirligig of time brings its revenges. Mr. GEDGE has his to-night.

Business done.—Mr. GEDGE submits resolution denouncing English Church Union; HOARE moves amendment, which PRINCE ARTHUR accepts; the BLAMELESS BARTLEY moves addendum to amendment; PRINCE ARTHUR advises House to reject it; consternation on Ministerial benches; they could not love the PRINCE so much, loved they not Protestantism more. Rev. EDWARD CLARKE leads revolt; when it comes to head, PRINCE ARTHUR capitulates; mutiny breaks out in fresh place; the CECILS clamour for COUSIN ARTHUR's head on a charger; WALTER LONG, sitting pensive on Treasury Bench, is conscious of unpleasant sensation on crown of his head; looks round; finds JOHN G. TALBOT on bench immediately behind, sobbing over PRINCE ARTHUR's defection from the Church.

"Wish he'd sob a little more to the right," growled the Minister of Agriculture, rubbing his scalded pate.



The Rev. Arthur Balfour. "You know, really, these young cousins of mine are getting beyond a joke! I shall get quite incensed with them directly! They make me feel far from well!"



AN APRIL SHOWER.

Extract from Letter.—"WE WERE GOING TO THE FIRST SHOW AT THE BOTANICAL WHEN IT BEGAN TO RAIN. WE HAD ON OUR NEW HATS, SO WE HAILED A SMART HANSON AND TOLD THE DRIVER TO LET DOWN THE WINDOW—WHICH HE DID PROMPTLY!" TABLEAU.

HUGH CECIL declares he will take division if he goes into lobby by himself.

"I'll go with you," said the gallant PERCY; "not because I agree with you, but because I don't."

Just before nine o'clock House divided; 200 voted with PRINCE ARTHUR for the amendment he said he wouldn't have; 14 follow mutineers below the gangway. Sum total, 214 dinners spoiled.

Thus was Mr. GEDGE glutted with glorious victory.

Thursday night.—SQUIRE of MALWOD home again, bringing his sheaves with him. These he incontinently pitches at the head of Chancellor of Exchequer. Life is growing monotonous. After spending a winter holiday in contemplating the ruins of ancient Rome he comes back to gaze upon the wreck of ST. MICHAEL'S character as a financier.

On the whole the spectacle has not the depressing effect that might have been anticipated. On the contrary the SQUIRE in best form, hitting straight out from the shoulder in fashion that delights House and makes right honourable gentlemen opposite sit up. Can scarcely be called a speech; that will come at later stage of constructing the Budget. These a few observations flashed forth on spur of moment; as unpremeditated as the song of the lark. SARK shrewdly suspects that they will form the SQUIRE'S most effective contribution to the debate.

Business done.—Budget introduced.

Friday.—CHARLIE BERESFORD also back again, he from the Far East. Lost a little flesh, but no atom of constitutional cheerfulness. One notices a slight Pekin accent in his pronunciation of certain vowels; that will soon wear off. Finished

his book, in which he will tell us more than ever we knew about the China Wall.

Whilst he was yet away on his mission, a very distinguished authority on Foreign Affairs lamented his married state.

"If CHARLIE BERESFORD," he mused, "had only been single, he might have settled the Chinese question in the best possible way by marrying the Dowager Empress."

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

A SONG OF LETTERS.

"I LOVED my love with an 'A,'" Sang the bard in the good old time.

"I loved my love with a 'K,'" Sang the bard when in want of rhyme.

But the lady, who sang with a fancy free, Was she who sang for the "£ s. d."

Awkward.

Miss Phillip (to Young Gentleman, who has taken her in to dinner at Olympia Manor). You say that you don't shoot, hunt, fish, drive, or ride, and that you hate cycling. Now, what on earth are you staying here for?

Young Gentleman (languidly). Because I can't afford to live anywhere else in the Winter.

[Then it flashes across Miss F. that she is talking to a younger son of the house.]

THE LATEST FORM OF COIFFURE.—The Curling-stone.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—No. XII.

THE LYCEUM "CO. LIMITED" CHAIR.

This picturesque and graceful seat is limited in name only, and is compounded, on a generous scale, of many separate "parts," each part supplied by a dramatic author and elaborated directly on the boards. It has lately been stored away, owing to temporary damage, but is now happily re-stored to its original home in Wellington Street, where its excellent form is certain to draw the town for some considerable time.